# Picture-perfect by PuffyPhantom

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Summary:

Things get a little up close and personal in Mayor Vlad's new office.

## Chapter 1

## Chapter Text

Vlad flipped his cell phone shut with an audible snap, placing it on his office desk and looking back up at Danny. He was adjusting the collar of his dress shirt, a frown firmly set on his face. Vlad smiled. “Need some help, little badger?”

Danny shot a glare at him before turning his attention back to his shirt, tugging at the collar again. “No. I’m just trying to get comfortable wearing this stupid suit.”

“Hm, have you tried ignoring it?”

Having his arms fall to his sides, Danny gave him another annoyed look. “Gee, Vlad, great idea! If only that was actually possible.”

Vlad said nothing as he clasped his hands behind his back, still smiling while he looked Danny up and down, taking in the view with great leisure. Seldom did he get to see Danny sharply dressed, let alone in a suit and tie. And Vlad thought that was a damn shame considering how handsome he looked at the moment.

Danny had on the same dark navy suit that he’d wore during the college reunion back at his Wisconsin mansion. His black dress shoes were polished, and his hair was neatly combed to one side. And Vlad couldn’t help but really appreciate just how well his blue tie went with his eyes.

“Hey, why don’t you take a picture? It’ll last longer,” Danny muttered.

“A splendid idea,” Vlad agreed happily. “Though I’m sure there will be plenty of photography once we step onto the podium.”

Danny made a face. “You owe me big time for this, y’know.”

“Yes, Daniel, I know. Truly, I cannot thank you enough for your cooperation today. After all, nothing helps a politician gain

admiration from the public better than an adorable child advocating for them."

"Yeah, whatever," Danny said with a roll of eyes. "You're lucky my dad was totally on board with the idea. Actually, I think he was a little *too* enthusiastic."

Vlad exhaled loudly out of annoyance. "Yes, I suppose your father is also deserving of my gratitude."

"I still can't believe you're taking this whole thing seriously. When I said you should move over here and become mayor, I was totally joking about the 'become mayor' part."

"Were you really? I thought it was a great idea. Amity Park could use a little pick-me-up, and I believe I'm precisely the right individual to carry out the task."

Danny narrowed his eyes at Vlad. "Why do I get the feeling that you're doing all this just to mess with me?"

Vlad smirked. "If you really feel that way then would you rather I return to my previous occupation?"

"Of a crazy revenge-seeking fruit loop? No thanks."

"Then it's settled," Vlad said and went to sit cross-legged on his executive chair, fingers interlaced on his lap as he leaned back into its leather. "I can assure you that Amity Park never had, nor will ever have, a better person in charge."

Danny scoffed, rolling his eyes once again with another impatient tug to his collar.

Vlad allowed himself another moment to stare until Danny's tie caught his attention. "Come here," he commanded with a crook of his finger, swiveling his chair around and spreading his legs apart. "You loosened your tie with all your fidgeting."

Danny walked over to him, standing in between his legs. "Oh, hey, I'm not a child, by the way. And you definitely don't treat me like one," he said while Vlad fixed his tie.

“Touché. Though, should I be taking this as a complaint?” Vlad teased. He met Danny’s uncertain stare with a raised brow and reveled in the blush that quickly spread over Danny’s cheeks.

“No,” Danny grumbled, averting Vlad’s gaze.

Vlad smiled. “Well, I suppose I should know better than to be chasing after a teenager.” He smoothed down Danny’s suit jacket before taking one of his small hands in his. Vlad ran his thumb over Danny’s knuckles repeatedly in a caress. “But can I really be blamed?”

He leaned back in his chair and gave Danny another look-over, recalling that serendipitous night back at his mansion. Even as Danny stood before him, Vlad still had trouble believing that it was real. That he’d found someone else just like him. And to think that even after all their encounters he was still able to win Danny over and have him by his side. That he’d been able to teach and show him things no one else could possibly understand.

And he remembered the time when he’d first seen Danny in his suit —the night after he’d discovered Danny’s secret. The mere recollection of wanting to take it apart piece by piece and have Danny slowly reveal himself to him was enough to rekindle that same fiery desire Vlad had felt that very night.

“After all,” Vlad continued as he readjusted himself, spreading his legs wider and grabbing Danny by the wrist, guiding his hand towards his crotch and watching Danny’s face get even redder as his fingers brushed over his hardening cock. “You’re simply too perfect for me to resist,” he said before making Danny’s hand intangible and have it go through his slacks and briefs.

Danny inhaled sharply as his hand rubbed up against Vlad’s cock. His eyes turned up to meet Vlad’s, swallowing. “Hey, you really think *now* is the right time and place for this? Aren’t you supposed to be going out there to give your cheesy acceptance speech?”

Vlad glanced at the grandfather clock ticking away at the corner of the room. “We have some time to spare before then.”

Danny scrunched his nose. “Are you being serious?”

“Does it seem like I’m joking?” Vlad asked wryly as he moved Danny’s hand over his cock again.

“But…” Danny swallowed and looked away, directing his stare to the drawn curtains behind Vlad while biting his lip. Yet despite Danny’s hesitation, Vlad could clearly see the reciprocated want behind his eyes as the workings of his adolescence tempted him.

“If getting caught is what worries you, then you have nothing to be afraid of. The doors are locked, and these walls are quite thick.” Danny looked back at him, his apprehensive expression only spurring Vlad on. “Really, my dear boy, the only way someone could find us out is if they were to be some sort of ghost who can phase through the building,” he finished with a smile.

Danny frowned. “You’re not very funny, Vlad.”

“I never said I was a comedian.”

Danny shook his head, going back to bite his lip. And within a few more ticks of the clock, just as he’d expected, Vlad saw the last of Danny’s uncertainty collapse. “You always have the worst timing for stuff like this,” Danny finally voiced out in a mutter, pulling his arm away from Vlad’s hold and making it tangible again. But he said nothing else as he got on his knees and proceeded to undo Vlad’s clothes.

Deciding to hold off on any goading, Vlad instead let out a breath and relaxed in his chair as Danny held his cock, starting off with somewhat hurried strokes that effortlessly brought him to complete hardness. Then, Danny licked his lips, and he closed his eyes as he took Vlad into his mouth. Vlad groaned quietly at the sensation and the sight of Danny’s lips wrapped around his cock, head bobbing up and down, struggling to take him. And with Danny’s hair so neatly done, Vlad was able to see just how focused Danny was while he pleasured him.

It was messy and ungraceful—an accurate depiction of Danny’s young age. But in truth, Danny’s lack of experience only excited

Vlad more, knowing that he was the first and only one to receive such intimate attention from him. And it was twice as exhilarating knowing that it would remain that way, if their ghost halves had anything to say about it. Vlad couldn't stop another groan from escaping him as the heady thought combined with the live demonstration of it fueled his arousal.

Danny continued, using his hands and tongue to further seduce Vlad into an intoxicating state of gratification, and Vlad tilted his head to the side, closing his eyes as he lost himself in the moment. When he opened them, his sight landed on his cell phone resting at the corner of his desk. A peculiar thought invaded his mind. Vlad reached for it and flipped it open.

Danny pulled back abruptly as soon as he caught sight of the phone. "What're you doing?" he hissed.

Vlad hushed him, eyes fixed on the screen. "Calm down, Daniel. I'm only taking your advice and doing what you suggested earlier."

"What? What're you talking about?"

With another push of a button, Vlad opened up the camera app, catching the grainy image of Danny's flushed face, cock still in his hand. Vlad looked over the top of the cellphone and locked eyes with Danny, smiling. "How about a big toothy smile for the camera, hm?"

Danny's mouth went slack in clear disbelief. His wide eyes flickered from the phone to Vlad. He glared at him. "You're messing with me again."

"Am I?"

"There's no way you'd do something stupid like that."

"Like what? Record evidence of my illicit affairs knowing full well how to elude conviction? Come now, little badger, it's as if you don't even know who I am."

"Oh, trust me, I know exactly who you are," Danny told him, and Vlad didn't have to hear him say the rest to understand what he

was insinuating.

“And trust *me*, dear boy, if I wanted to ruin your good name, I’d find a way to do it without ruining mine as well. Besides, I have no interest in such a venture anyway,” Vlad explained with sincerity. And just like before, he watched as Danny’s look of reproach gradually wavered. “Believe me, this will be for my eyes only.”

Danny pouted. “You perverted old man. Do you even know how to work that thing?” he asked sarcastically, not waiting for an answer as he took Vlad back into his mouth.

Vlad sighed in content, shifting slightly. “I know enough. Perhaps I can show you the photos later so you can tell me which ones look best.”

Danny looked up with his hand gripping Vlad’s cock at the base and with his lips around the shaft. Vlad licked his lips as he watched Danny through the screen, catching a glimpse of Danny’s tie below his buttoned-up collar. He pressed the capture button on the keypad. The screen flashed white, and the sound of a fake camera shutter rang throughout. Danny pulled away. “I’ll pass. Thanks.”

“Are you sure? You really should see just how good you look in a suit. Maybe it’ll encourage you to wear one more often.”

“I don’t think so.” Danny stroked Vlad’s cock, sticking his tongue out to lick around the glistening head and lap up the leaking precome.

“Danny,” Vlad breathed out, catching Danny’s attention once more with the tip of his cock resting against his tongue. Another camera shutter filled Vlad’s ears. And then another when Danny closed his lips around him, eyes shut, and cheeks tinged a healthy pink. Vlad glanced over the corner of the screen, registering the time it showed. He hesitated to move before ultimately placing the phone on his desk and grabbed Danny by the arm. “Come here.”

Danny stood up and wiped his mouth with the back of his free hand. “What? Done with your creepy photo shoot?”

“No. I just want to get some different angles before we run out of time,” Vlad said, pulling Danny in for a searing kiss and dragging a moan out of him as he rubbed his erection through his pants.

“I’m letting you get away with too much stuff today,” Danny said against Vlad’s lips, his breath hitching when Vlad phased his bottoms and briefs off.

“Then allow me to give you my thanks doing so.” Vlad kissed his way up to Danny’s ear. He lowered his voice with his next spoken words. “Bend over the desk.”

Danny shared what Vlad guessed was one last anxious look with him. “You better be serious about the doors being locked,” he said, more so in a joking tone than a serious one and moved away from Vlad.

“Would I ever lie to you?” Vlad joked back, standing from his seat and hanging Danny’s bottoms over the back of his chair.

“Gee, I don’t know.”

Vlad smiled to himself. He moved behind Danny, lifting up his suit jacket and dress shirt just enough to reveal his ass. Summoning a fair amount of sticky pink ectoplasm, Vlad reached below and listened to Danny’s shaky breath as he slid his hand over Danny’s balls, feeling him tense up while he worked in one of his thick fingers, and then another.

“Vlad,” Danny said hoarsely after a short while, pushing back against Vlad.

“Getting impatient, are we?” Vlad asked, pulling his fingers out. Though he hardly fared any better with his cock hard and demanding against Danny’s skin.

“I just wanna make sure no one comes by and knocks wondering why you’re not out there giving your boring speech.”

“Is that right?” Vlad spread Danny’s legs further apart with his foot, covering his length with more ectoplasm. He aligned himself. Holding Danny’s waist with his other hand, he slowly pushed

inside, moaning as Danny's heat enveloped him.

Danny whimpered, letting out quick, shallow breaths, his back going rigid as Vlad buried himself all the way in. Vlad remained still, running his hands up and down Danny's sides, not only to help ease Danny's discomfort, but to calm himself down as well.

It was always difficult for Vlad to restrain himself around Danny like this. No other pleasure could compare to the rapture that he felt whenever he had Danny underneath him, claiming him as his own with such impurity—a depraved type of indulgence that he found nothing short of addicting.

And it was that same addiction that, despite Vlad's cunningness and ability to persuade Danny into following through with his wishes, left Vlad wondering who was the one that was truly in control of the other.

"Vlad…"

Vlad let out a pleased sigh. He leaned over, towering over Danny as he kissed the nape of his neck. He began to move. Danny moaned quietly at the slow and steady rock of Vlad's hips, obviously still concerned about being found out. Picking up his pace, Vlad held his face against Danny's hot cheek. "No need to be so modest, Daniel. Didn't I say that that no one would be able to hear us?"

"Shut up," Danny gritted out.

Vlad gave a breathless chuckle. He pulled away, moving his hands back to Danny's waist when he started to fuck him in earnest, uncaring of how the office was filled with the obscene sound of skin against skin. He kept at it for a bit longer, and then he slowed back down, sliding one hand up the small of Danny's back and lifting his clothes up again. He looked over at the forgotten cellphone, and he grabbed it, opening up the camera. Forearms braced against the surface of the desk, Danny squirmed beneath him, stifling another moan as Vlad slowly pulled out, leaving only the head of his cock inside. He took picture just like that.

"You can't be serious," Danny muttered.

“I told you,” Vlad said, pushing forward and watching through the fuzzy screen as the glistening length of his cock disappeared back into Danny’s body, taking another picture once there was nothing left. “I want to get different angles.”

“Gross,” Danny mumbled. “Just—hurry it up.”

Vlad looked at the back of Danny’s head. “I think one more should suffice.” Pulling out completely, he took a step back. “Turn around.”

“Ugh. I think this mayor stuff is getting to your head. Way too bossy,” Danny argued. But he did as he was told and faced Vlad.

“Here.” Vlad put the phone away in one of his pants pockets and hoisted Danny up, laying him across the desk with his knees bent and his shoes resting against the edge.

Danny leaned back on his elbows. “Um, hey—”

“Keep still for me, and I promise this will be the last one,” Vlad said, retrieving the phone from his pocket and aiming it at Danny. He put a hand on one of Danny’s knees and spread his legs further apart so that nothing would obscure the view that he was looking for.

The camera adjusted, bringing Danny into focus. Vlad couldn’t have asked for a better angle. With Danny’s legs spread wide, he was able to capture everything that he wanted. Danny’s flushed face, his expression indicative of embarrassment and humiliation. His slightly mussed hair. His ruffled-up suit jacket and shirt. That tie that went so well with his eyes. And finally, his erection, resting against his belly, where just below Vlad could see the traces of himself, skin gleaming with bright pink ectoplasm.

“Perfect,” Vlad said quietly, barely registering the sound of the fake camera shutter while he slid his free hand down to his cock.

Danny pursed his lips. “Okay, you said that would be last one, so can we please get on with it already?”

Taking one more second to appreciate the view through the camera,

Vlad folded the cellphone shut, setting it down and focusing his attention back on Danny. “I suppose. But only because you asked so nicely,” Vlad mocked with smile while stepping forward. He pulled Danny towards him and threw his legs over his shoulders, pressing his erection against his ass.

Danny squeezed his eyes shut and bit back a plaintive moan as Vlad pushed his cock back inside him in one swift motion. Vlad gripped Danny’s legs, keeping them firmly against his body. And casting away whatever self-restraint he had chose to keep until then, Vlad built up a rhythim, going from slow and deep to fucking Danny hard and fast, thrusting into him over and over and steadily reaching for that release of pressure they were both chasing after.

The desk creaked in protest, it’s squeaking wood muffled by Danny’s whimpers and Vlad’s grunts. As difficult as it was to do, Vlad forced to keep his eyes open, not wanting to miss the sight of Danny coming apart before him, utterly disheveled and lost in the waves of pleasure that only Vlad himself could give rise to. If he couldn’t capture it in a photograph, then he’d surely have it ingrained into his memory.

With another grunt, Vlad readjusted, taking Danny’s dick in his hand, stroking him as he continued to move.

“Wait, Vlad. I’m gonna—”

Vlad pulled out with a harsh breath. “On your feet,” he demanded, dropping Danny’s legs and moving quickly to pull Danny off the desk. Not a second passed before Vlad was on one knee and taking Danny into his hot mouth.

Danny moaned louder then, gripping Vlad by his shoulders, his hips jerking into Vlad’s inviting mouth. Vlad encouraged him, shutting his eyes and focusing on giving Danny what he wanted. One hand held Danny’s length at the base, and his other moved to his own aching hard cock. He pumped himself, working himself up until his strokes came to a sudden halt with a firm grip as he hollowed his cheeks while he sucked Danny’s dick slowly from the base to the tip.

The next warning was hardly that, with Danny verbally stringing the words together in broken and stuttered syllables before he came in Vlad's mouth. Warm liquid covered Vlad's tongue, and he eagerly swallowed, going back to furiously stroke his cock and groaning when he found his own release. He caught himself in his hand, his lips still sealed around Danny.

Trembling and panting, Danny leaned against the edge of the desk, and Vlad finally pulled away, leaving a trail of kisses on Danny's hip as his climax ebbed away.

"That... kind of came out of nowhere," Danny eventually said, still catching his breath. "Um, pun not intended."

Vlad chuckled. "Yes, well, I can't have you make a mess and present yourself with mysterious stains all over your suit, now, can I?" He licked his lips and stood, nabbing some tissues from a nearby tissue box. He handing a few to Danny. "Although, that does seem like an intriguing idea now that I think about it. But we'll save such escapades for the next time you decide to dress up," he said as they cleaned up.

"As if." Danny gave the used tissues a look of disgust as they were discarded. "How do you manage to weird me out even more than before every time we get together?"

"Call it a gift," Vlad answered in amusement, tucking himself away and straightening out his suit. He grabbed Danny's bottoms from the chair, offering them back to him. "And dare I say my deviant ways seem to be rubbing off on you more every time we meet as well."

As if suddenly aware of where they were and how bare he was, Danny all but snatched his clothes from Vlad and hastily phased them back on. "Yeah, no kidding," he muttered, shaking his head. "Messing around in the school bathroom is one thing, but I seriously can't believe I let you do… all *that*… in *here*."

"You didn't seem too upset by the end of it." Vlad stood in front of Danny and helped fixed his tie. "Or am I wrong?" Their eyes met, and the look on Danny's reddened face answered for him.

Danny furrowed his brow. “What’s with the sudden need to take pictures anyway? I mean, you’ve never, uh, done that before.”

“Well, seeing as it’s so difficult to get you in a suit, I thought I’d take advantage of the opportunity and create a little personal album to look at later. It was your idea, remember?” Vlad teased, carefully combing Danny's hair back into place with his fingers.

“Man, I really need to watch what I say around you. But did you really have to take them while we were…” Danny trailed off with a hand gesture.

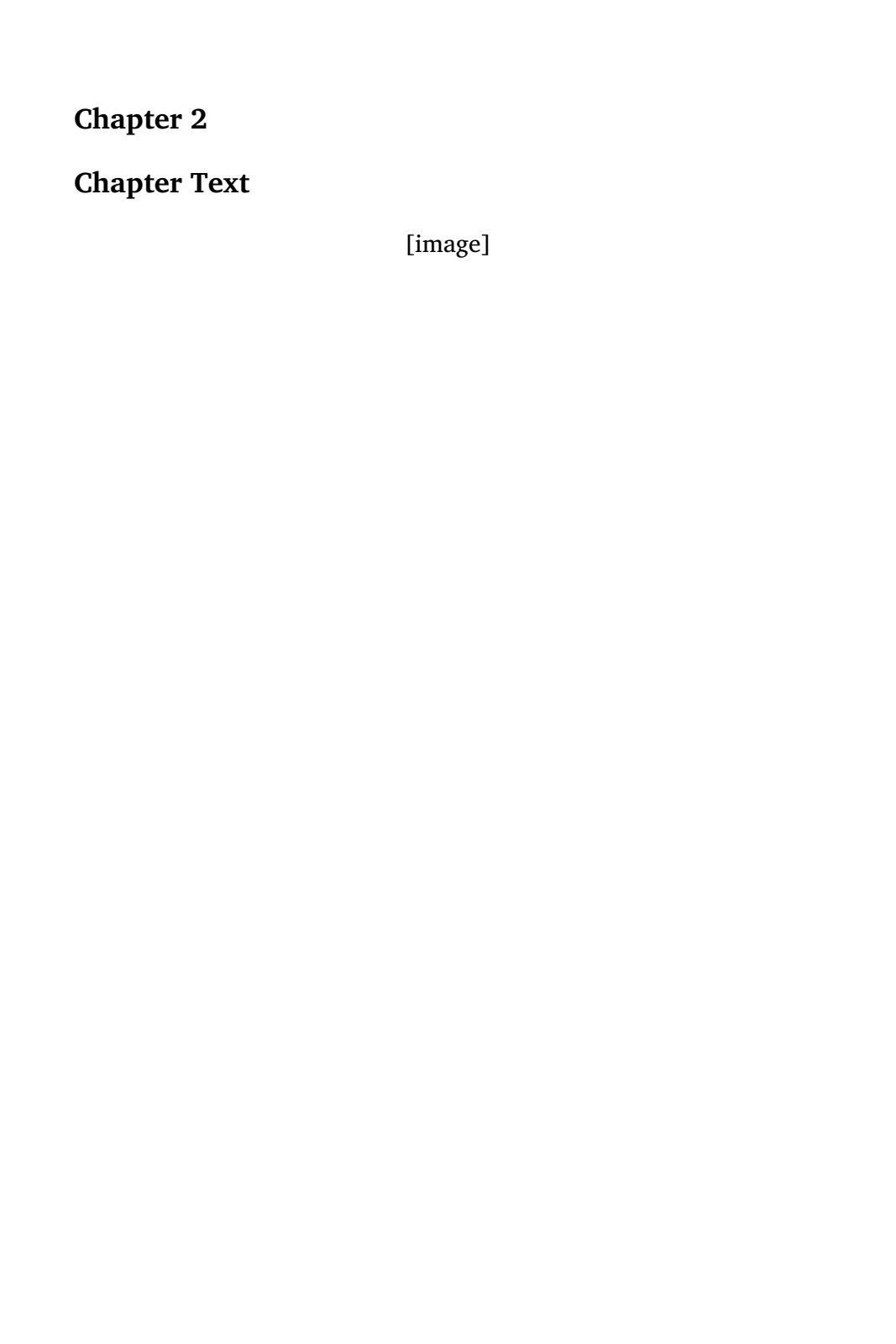
Vlad finished tidying Danny up and placed a hand on his shoulder. He leaned down, keeping his face close to Danny's. “That’s what will make looking at them later while I’m sitting alone in this office all the much better.” He smiled, knowing just what kind of images had conjured up behind Danny’s curious eyes. Stealing a quick kiss from Danny’s lips, Vlad straightened up, glancing over at the grandfather clock. “And it looks like we finished just in time. I hope you’re ready for more pictures.”

“Ugh, I am so done with photography and suits after this,” Danny huffed, turning away from Vlad and making his way towards the exit.

Vlad smiled as he watched Danny tug at his shirt collar while he walked off. He grabbed his cellphone, hid it away in his pocket, and followed Danny out the door.

## Chapter 2

## Chapter Text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